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of Governor Shirley, who passed the early part of her life in Cambridge, in the family of Judge Trowbridge. The subsequent years of this young lady's life were spent in England, and were marked by romantic and melancholy incidents, enough to form the substance of a very respectable novel. The piece concludes with a very lively and well-written letter, dated 1762, which we would have quoted but for the cause which so often embarrasses us at this stage of a Number.

Most of the poetry in the volume is not remarkably good. The "Sibyl," by Miss Browne, is one of the best pieces; those by Mr. Mellen, with the exception of two or three brilliant thoughts, disguised under the most affected phraseology, are the worst. Miss Gould and the Author of "Miriam" appear with their accustomed excellence.

7. — *Beauties of Everett.* Boston: James Burns. 16mo. pp. 180.

THIS little volume is very well as far as it goes, but a much better edition of the *Beauties of Everett* was published some years ago, by the American Stationers' Company, in octavo. What we mean is, that beauty is such a pervading element in the works of Edward Everett, that it is impossible to make a selection. The moment we open a volume of his, — no matter where, — we seem to breathe an atmosphere of beauty; the beauty of profound thought, expressed in the purest and sweetest eloquence of the English language; illustrated by graceful and poetical imagery, drawn from a wide range of knowledge; — that calm and finished beauty, which would have enchanted the most refined assembly of Athens. We do not believe the Orations of Mr. Everett can be matched from the whole literature of modern times, in this respect; and therefore, we say, that no selection can be made. Still, the extracts which the editor of this little volume has given us, will, perhaps, be read by many who have never seen the collected writings, or heard the spoken eloquence, of Mr. Everett. The short biography of the distinguished author cannot fail of being read with lively interest. While we are upon the *Beauties of Everett*, we venture to add another gem to the string of brilliants. It is from his admirable speech at the late Second Centennial Celebration at Barnstable.

"Do you think, Sir, as we repose beneath this splendid pavilion, adorned by the hand of taste, blooming with festive garlands, wreathed with the stars and stripes of this great republic, resounding with strains

of heart-stirring music, that, merely because it stands upon the soil of Barnstable, we form any idea of the spot as it appeared to Captain Miles Standish and his companions, on the 15th or 16th of November, 1620? Oh, no, Sir. Let us go up for a moment, in imagination, to yonder hill, which overlooks the village and the bay, and suppose ourselves standing there on some bleak, ungenial morning, in the middle of November of that year. The coast is fringed with ice. Dreary forests, interspersed with sandy tracts, fill the back ground. Nothing of humanity quickens on the spot, save a few roaming savages, who, ill-provided with what even they deem the necessities of life, are digging with their fingers a scanty repast out of the frozen sands. No friendly lighthouses had as yet hung up their cressets upon your headlands; no brave pilot-boat was hovering like a sea-bird on the tops of the waves, beyond the Cape, to guide the shattered bark to its harbour; no charts and soundings made the secret pathways of the deep as plain as a gravelled road through a lawn; no comfortable dwellings along the line of the shore, and where are now your well-inhabited streets, spoke a welcome to the Pilgrim; no steeple poured the music of Sabbath morn into the ear of the fugitive for conscience' sake. Primeval wildness and native desolation brood over sea and land; and from the 9th of November, when, after a most calamitous voyage, the *May-flower* first came to anchor in Provincetown harbour, to the end of December, the entire male portion of the company was occupied, for the greater part of every day, and often by night as well as by day, in exploring the coast and seeking a place of rest, amidst perils from the savages, from the unknown shore, and the elements, which it makes one's heart bleed to think upon.

"But this dreary waste, which we thus contemplate in imagination, and which they traversed in sad reality, is a chosen land. It is a theatre upon which an all-glorious drama is to be enacted. On this frozen soil,—driven from the ivy-clad churches of their mother land,—escaped, at last, from loathsome prisons,—the meek fathers of a pure church will lay the spiritual basement of their temple. Here, on the everlasting rock of liberty, they will establish the foundation of a free State. Beneath this ungenial wintry sky, principles of social right, institutions of civil government, shall germinate, in which, what seemed the Utopian dreams of visionary sages, are to be more than realized.

"But let us contemplate, for a moment, the instruments selected by Providence, for this political and moral creation. However unpromising the field of action, the agents must correspond with the excellence of the work. The time is truly auspicious. England is well supplied with all the materials of a generous enterprise. She is in the full affluence of her wealth of intellect and character. The age of Elizabeth has passed, and has garnered up its treasures. The age of the Commonwealth, silent and unsuspected, is ripening towards its harvest of great men. The Burleighs and Cecils have sounded the depths of statesmanship; the Drakes and Raleighs have run the whole round of chivalry and adventure; the Cokes and Bacons are spreading the light of their master-minds through the entire universe of philosophy and law. Out of a generation of which men like these are the guides and lights, it cannot be difficult to select the

leaders of any lofty undertaking ; and, through their influence, to secure to it the protection of royalty. But, alas, for New England ! — No, Sir, happily for New England, Providence works not with human instruments. Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. The stars of human greatness, that glitter in a court, are not destined to rise on the lowering horizon of the despised Colony. The feeble company of Pilgrims is not to be marshalled by gartered statesmen, or mitred prelates. Fleets will not be despatched to convoy the little band, nor armies to protect it. Had there been honors to be worn, or pleasures to be enjoyed, or plunder to be grasped, hungry courtiers, mid-summer friends, godless adventurers, would have eaten out the heart of the enterprise. Silken Buckinghams and Somersets would have blasted it with their patronage. But, safe amidst their unenvied perils, strong in their inoffensive weakness, rich in their untempting poverty, the patient fugitives are permitted to pursue unmolested the thorny paths of tribulation ; and, landed at last on the unfriendly shore, the hosts of God, in the frozen mail of December, encamp around the dwellings of the just ;

‘ Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost.’

“ While Bacon is attuning the sweetest strains of his honeyed eloquence to soothe the dull ear of a crowned pedant, and his great rival, only less obsequious, is on his knees to deprecate the royal displeasure, the future founders of the new republic beyond the sea are training up for their illustrious mission, in obscurity, hardship, and weary exile in a foreign land.

“ And now, — for the fulness of time is come, — let us go up once more, in imagination, to yonder hill, and look out upon the November scene. That single dark speck, just discernible through the perspective glass, on the waste of waters, is the fated vessel. The storm moans through her tattered canvass, as she creeps, almost sinking, to her anchorage in Provincetown harbour ; and there she lies, with all her treasures, not of silver and gold, (for of these she has none,) but of courage, of patience, of zeal, of high spiritual daring. So often as I dwell in imagination on this scene ; when I consider the condition of the *Mayflower*, utterly incapable, as she was, of living through another gale ; when I survey the terrible front presented by our coast to the navigator who, unacquainted with its channels and roadsteads, should approach it in the stormy season, I dare not call it a mere piece of good fortune, that the general North and South wall of the shore of New England should be broken by this extraordinary projection of the Cape, running out into the ocean a hundred miles, as if on purpose to receive and encircle the precious vessel. As I now see her, freighted with the destinies of a continent, barely escaped from the perils of the deep, approaching the shore precisely where the broad sweep of this most remarkable headland presents almost the only point, at which, for hundreds of miles, she could, with any ease, have made a harbour, and this, perhaps, the very best on the seaboard, I feel my spirit raised above the sphere of mere natural agencies. I see the mountains of New England rising from their rocky thrones. They rush forward into the ocean, settling down as they advance ; and

there they range themselves, a mighty bulwark around the Heaven-directed vessel. Yes, the everlasting God himself stretches out the arm of his mercy and his power, in substantial manifestation, and gathers the meek company of his worshippers as in the hollow of his hand."

8. — *Observations on the Typhoid Fever of New England. Read at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society, May 29th, 1839.* By ENOCH HALE, M. D., Attending Physician to the Massachusetts General Hospital. Boston : Whipple & Damrell. 1839. 8vo. pp. 77.

THE nature of diseases, involving the question of their identity or diversity, was formerly considered as depending on their symptoms, or the external signs which they exhibit, and which are cognizable by our senses. But the modern habits of investigating disease have furnished an ulterior ground for the discrimination of morbid affections, founded not so much upon the symptoms, as upon the anatomical changes which take place in important organs of the body, and of which changes the symptoms are merely consequences.

The anatomical character of many diseases is well established and undoubted. Thus pleurisy is an inflammation of the membrane which lines the chest, and phthisis is a tuberculous disease of the lungs. But there are other diseases, the precise structural changes accompanying which, are, at the present day, unknown.

The continued fevers, especially those of temperate climates, have been regarded as obscure in their anatomical character, and have afforded fertile themes of discussion and controversy. From the circumstance of their pervading every part of the body, and affecting all its functions, they have been considered as dependent on no particular lesion, or morbid change, of any part or organ, and they have, therefore, been denominated *idiopathic* fevers by the English, and *fièvres essentielles* by the French.

For some time past, the patient and accurate researches of the French pathologists have been bringing this question very near to its point of settlement. And, after the successive approximations of various observers, it has been determined by the observations of the indefatigable Louis, that the common continued fever of Paris depends on, or rather is connected with, certain changes, in the elliptical patches of the *ilium*, commonly called *Peyer's glands* ; and that these changes are also accompanied with a morbid alteration of the corresponding